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A MILLION MIGRANTS
—Philip Burnham

THE

Commonweal

Protestant-Catholic Relations

Rules for the Dialogue

by Robert McAfee Brown

A Man in Havana

by Richard Gilman

Morals and Medicine

by Michael P. Fogarty

WRITERS UNDER THE COMMUNISTS . . . . by Thomas Molnar
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Press Month, III

The 1950's were a decade of remarkable growth for American Catholicism. I do not refer to numerical growth, though that was important, nor to the establishment of new Catholic institutions, though here the record is unparalleled. I am thinking, rather, of a coming-to-age, a maturing of a Catholicism that is at once genuinely Catholic and authentically American. I do not believe, mind you, that the maturation is anywhere near complete; we still have a long way to go. But if one may speak in such terms, we may have reached the peak of uncertain adolescence in the nineteen fifties.

There have been many changes in the past ten years. One of the most satisfying, I think, is the improvement in the Catholic press. Just a decade ago, Donald McDonald, who was to distinguish himself as the editor of the diocesan paper in Davenport, Iowa, wrote an article in The Commonweal which, to say the least, was something less than complimentary about the performance of diocesan editors. The roof almost fell in on Fourth Avenue after the article got out. But after the dust settled and the last angry reply was filed away, it became clear that Mr. McDonald's criticism had not gone unheeded.

There have been steady improvements in the Catholic press, not least of all in the sharpened distinction now made, not, in the old categories, between the "official" and the "non-official" Catholic press, but between two aspects of the "official" press—its role as the authoritative spokesman of a Bishop guiding his people on questions of faith and morals, and its role as a bearer of the highly fallible opinions of highly fallible editors.

—John Cogley in The Commonweal
for January 29, 1960

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

BERLIN'S JEOPARDY

WITH THE Warsaw Pact nations' parley out of the way, Khrushchev is off to mend Soviet fences in Southeast Asia. He leaves behind his reiterated challenge on Berlin. A month ago he reaffirmed the Soviet Union's determination to secure a settlement of the Berlin and German questions along the lines of his ultimatum of fifteen months ago. Now, through satellites and to Italian leaders in Moscow, he has reasserted that stand.

His target date is May 16, opening of the long-sought summit meeting with the three Western allies. The terms he seeks go something like this: occupation status for Germany must be ended; Germany must be neutralized and demilitarized to prevent any attempt to revise present boundaries by force; West Berlin must become a "free city." If the U.S.S.R. does not succeed in reaching an agreement with the N.A.T.O. powers on the German question, then the Soviet Union and its satellites will sign separate peace treaties with East Germany and decide the status of West Berlin.

East German authorities now exercise control over civilian traffic between East and West Berlin, but in the event of the threatened separate peace treaty they would regulate all civilian and military access to the Western sector of that massive city. Not only would the changed set-up involve recognition of the East German satellite, but it might well lead to a major showdown. These new border officials are not expected to continue simply to stamp documents, as the Russians do, at their various checkpoints. They will get instructions to expand their control by placing obstacles in the way of supplies required by the American, British and French garrisons and of vital food and industrial raw materials for the civilian populace of West Berlin. The N.A.T.O. powers would then find themselves put to the test.

What can the United States and its allies do to avoid such a situation? Reaching an agreement with the Soviet Union at the summit meeting will be difficult in the extreme. Beyond opposing war over Germany's boundaries and common opposition to any outbreak of general hostilities, respective aims are sharply in conflict. In the absence of any new joint formulation by N.A.T.O. of a solution of the German problem, it is believed that the pre-summit agreement reached will call for a gradual reunion of Germany arrived at through genuinely free elections. If that proves to be unattainable, the object would be to conclude some mutually acceptable temporary arrangement, and one that would not involve the surrender of West Berlin.

WHAT have the Allies in the way of bargaining strength to aid in securing an acceptable settlement? A unilateral solution on the part of the Soviet Union could alienate a number of members of the United Nations and world public opinion as well. The majority of the German people, East and West, would favor a solution reached by free elections over an imposed peace. But for big enough stakes the Soviet Union does not hesitate to flout public opinion.

In terms of economic, political and military power there may be somewhat more to work with. There is little reason to doubt Khrushchev's conviction that the Communist economic system will win in competition with the capitalistic and free enterprise systems of the West. His confidence that Communism is steadily gaining ground under present conditions inclines the Soviet Premier against any major upheaval. That is one argument for a firm Western stand. It might even seem feasible to combine this with certain economic inducements that would facilitate Soviet concessions.

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If the N.A.T.O. powers, however, seek an acceptable agreement solely on the basis of their combined armed might, they have little chance of success. In numbers and effectiveness their available armed forces are not equal to those of the Soviet Union. Russia's principal weakness is the deep hostility of its subject satellite peoples in Eastern Europe; if war broke out with the West the Soviets have reason to fear that they would be confronted by a general uprising among their satellites. It is not clear to what extent this possibility offsets Russia's wide superiority in conventional armed forces.

Unhappily, the summit conference will be taking place at a time when Russian missile superiority is increasing. There is great danger—much as this is vehemently disputed by the Administration—that our nuclear deterrent is markedly on the wane. If all this curtails our bargaining power on Berlin, it also indicates certain courses that are advisable. Unity among America, Britain and France is essential. On those points where yielding to naked force is the only possibility, feasible secondary positions should be in readiness beforehand. But unless our negotiators know that the American people can at last be aroused to the gravity of the challenge Berlin poses, the summit mission stands little chance of succeeding.

ELECTRONIC EAVESDROPPING

SUPPORTERS of civil liberties will be interested in a recent decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington. The court ruled that police may constitutionally engage in "electronic eavesdropping" to obtain evidence where crime is suspected. In the case in question, Washington police sought evidence against some suspected gamblers and drove a spike into the wall separating the house used by the suspects and the house immediately adjoining. By wiring this spike for sound, the police were able to hear every word said in the gamblers' apartment.

In a dissenting opinion, Judge George T. Washington said that the action of the police was in violation of the provision of the Fifth Amendment that no one may be deprived of his liberty without "due process of law." This kind of eavesdropping, he said, clashed with the concept of "ordered liberty" implicit in the due process clause. The majority of the court, however, based its decision on Supreme Court opinions of 1928 and later which held that wiretapping was not an unreasonable search and seizure barred by the Fourth Amendment. The decision noted that the court had been told that a majority of the Supreme Court today would not approve the eavesdropping in question in this case but held that it could not anticipate future Supreme Court decisions.

The ruling by the Washington Court of Appeals is, if not unreasonable, certainly arguable, and we are glad that the lawyer in this case—no less than Mr. Edward Bennett Williams—has said he will press for a review of the decision. We agree with dissenting Judge Washington that "the latest contributions of modern electronics have far greater capacity for public evil than their earlier counterpart—the wiretap." The revelations in the last few years of such dubious infringements of privacy indicate that a re-examination of this question is long past due.

THE GREAT DEBATE

ACCORDING to the N.Y. *Times* there is now raging in Washington a "great debate." The terms of this particular debate will be familiar to many readers. The *Times* reporter put the criticism like this: "The basic trouble with American society is that we devote too much of our resources to increasing an already affluent volume of private consumption, and too little to public services of all kinds." This debate has been carried on by Walter

Ted LeBerthon

We regret to announce the death of Ted LeBerthon, a frequent contributor, in Fresno, California, at the age of sixty-seven. A native Californian, Mr. LeBerthon worked on daily newspapers from coast to coast and established himself as a well-known columnist for Los Angeles dailies before he turned to Catholic journalism. At the time of his death he was on the staff of the California *Register,* the Monterey-Fresno diocesan paper. Throughout his life Mr. LeBerthon was especially concerned with the problems of minority groups in the United States and was a long-time worker with various Catholic Interracial Councils. Readers of The Commonweal will remember his articles—the first in 1942, the last a few months ago—on such subjects as the plight of migrant workers and the injustices suffered by Japanese-American citizens. May he rest in peace.

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Lippmann, John K. Galbraith and C. Wright Mills, by the weekly journals of opinion, and by various culture critics. In its most abbreviated, oversimplified form, the debate questions the goals of a society that produces bigger and better tail fins while it fails to provide the defense, the housing, the education that it can well support and desperately needs.

There is a sense in which it is encouraging to hear that this debate occupies the attention of informed and influential people in Washington. For however debased the argument has frequently become, at its most incisive it does demand an examination of important aspects of our society, and it does provide some tools to probe the sore areas, the goals of the government.

There is another sense, however, in which it is disheartening to hear that this debate, no longer unfamiliar, has now commanded the attention of Washington politicians, intellectuals and civil servants. For it is too likely that in the coming months this debate will join the other "great debates" and be argued in narrow partisan terms, that it will be subsumed under the general heading of "The Budget: Its Care and Maintenance."

If we are to consider the goals of our society, if we are to suggest the path the United States should tread in the years ahead, we must not limit ourselves to economic considerations, however pressing they seem, nor to the immediate years ahead, however crucial they appear to be. It will be necessary for every Presidential candidate to declare himself on particular issues, of course. In the coming months the voter should expect to learn the stands various candidates have taken on such issues as civil rights, federal aid to education, armaments and disarmament, suspension of nuclear tests, and foreign aid.

But if these declarations are necessary they are not therefore sufficient. We are, it seems now, moving out of the time when the principal threat to our security is military. Opposition between the Western and the Communist spheres appears increasingly to be economic, political and, always and ineluctably, ideological. But beyond and possibly surmounting this opposition is the problem which, as the strongest and richest Western country, the United States faces in a shrinking world of revolution and want.

After the first world war, many critics of Western society, discerning weaknesses where others saw only strengths, and illness where others saw health, asserted that Western man had lost his direction. "Whirl is King, having driven out Zeus." What applied generally to Western society applied particularly to the United States. After another world war and the pressures of sustained threat, the problem does not seem as simple nor the diagnosis as sure. But if one does not force the application with unyielding logic, the phrase can be applied meaningfully to the present situation of America. "Whirl is King. . . ." The stammer and uncertainty are not merely in President Eisenhower's prose; they are beneath the incompletely articulated ideas of spokesmen of all parties.

As yet no Presidential candidate has struck the note which, apart from the detailed discussion of issues, inspires confidence and enthusiasm. One cannot, of course, expect a candidate, merely by taking thought, to add a cubit to his stature. And it would be quixotic to think that a "sense of national purpose" derives only or even primarily from clearly enunciated statements of the future path the U.S. is to travel. Nevertheless, the candidate who is aware of an overarching national purpose, of goals that are not encompassed entirely by the years of Presidential office, will speak beyond simply personal or politically partisan interests. It may be that in asking this of any candidate we demand more than we can rightfully expect. But so does the Presidency of the United States.

FEDERAL AID TO SCHOOLS

IN LINE with its newly found, election-year liberalism, the Senate has firmly rejected a modest aid-to-schools measure sponsored by the Administration and in its place approved a much broader Democratic bill. The Democratic bill, providing for nearly two billion dollars in grants for teacher salaries and school construction, was passed by a vote of 51 to 34. On the previous day, it is interesting to note, supporters of a quite similar bill were able to muster only 44 votes, necessitating a tie-breaking vote by Vice President Nixon. Mr. Nixon's "no" vote puts him on record as defeating a proposal for Federal aid not only for schools but also for teachers' salaries, a development looked on by the Democrats with no little satisfaction.

It has been suggested, in fact, that the tie vote was carefully maneuvered by the Senate leadership in order to put Mr. Nixon on the spot and provide ammunition for the coming campaign. If this is true, it indicates a degree of parliamentary finesse, not to mention control of votes, which has been lamentably absent in some more worthwhile Democratic projects. Still, the Senate's aid-to-education

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efforts do seem to be colored by considerations of political advantage. Be that as it may, we will not complain of politicians' playing politics unless it results in bad legislation or the sacrifice of urgently needed Congressional action, and on this score we must reserve judgment on the aid-to-education question until we see what this Congress will accomplish. There will be no satisfaction for the ordinary citizen if brave Senatorial gestures are nullified in the House, or if a fine liberal voting record turns out, in the face of the Presidential veto, to mean nothing in terms of accomplished legislation.

DECLINING UNION MEMBERSHIP

IF ITS FIGURES are correct, a recent Department of Labor report on union membership confirms longstanding fears of labor leaders. After twenty years of constant increases, the report indicates, unions in the United States lost almost half a million members between 1956 and 1958. The figures in question are based on reports required by the Taft-Hartley act, and there is always the possibility of error for a variety of reasons. But the results are more or less what most observers have expected, and the chances are that the statistics reflect the general situation in labor with reasonable accuracy.

The fortunes of two key industrial unions illustrate labor's problem. Both the United Auto Workers and the United Steel Workers have been hard hit, with each suffering membership losses of about one-quarter of a million due to technological advances and automation. The same general pattern of loss is recorded by unions in the fields of railroading, textiles, rubber production and others. Losses in these areas, although less dramatic than in steel and autos, have been significant enough to cancel out gains in certain skilled craft lines.

For years, unions have tried, with varying degrees of intensity, to organize white-collar workers. With automation turning more and more "factory" jobs into white-collar occupations, labor will have to be much more successful than it has been in organizing workers in this category or union membership will inevitably decline.

Typically, one labor leader who recognizes the gravity of the problem is Walter Reuther, who has earmarked part of a recent dues increase for a massive organizing campaign, aimed at signing up one million technical and white-collar workers. The United Auto Workers is particularly vulnerable to automation, and it is natural that its leaders would be among the first to try to meet the problem head-on. But the problem is not confined to the auto union, and sooner or later all union leaders will have to face two major questions: how to cope with automation and how, in a Madison Ave. phrase, to project an image of labor that will appeal to the white-collar worker.

MADAM VICE PRESIDENT?

A RECENT suggestion by Clare Boothe Luce is of particular interest in connection with the article on the status of women by Norma Krause Herzfeld which appeared in our issue of Feb. 5. There is not one woman in America today who is qualified to run for the Presidency or Vice Presidency, Mrs. Luce says, writing in the February issue of *McCalls*. "If no woman today is qualified to be President," she writes, "it follows that no woman is qualified to assume the office which, in the event of the President's death, would elevate her to the Presidency. It would be the greatest folly for either of the two parties to view it [the Vice Presidency] as a political consolation prize for 'les girls'."

Mrs. Luce's position is not based on the idea, needless to say, that women are less capable than men. But she notes that the basic requirements for the nation's top two political posts include considerable personal experience in practical politics, a full understanding of military matters, economic and financial background and a proven knowledge of international affairs—an imposing list of qualifications which if taken literally would eliminate some of the present male contenders, as we imagine the author of "The Women" knows very well.

Given these facts, should women give up high political aspirations? Not in Mrs. Luce's book. What she suggests is that a post of second Vice President be created and that this new office be used to train a woman for greater responsibilities in the future. And Mrs. Luce, speaking as a practical politician herself, promises that the male candidate willing to push her suggestion would pick up a lot of feminine votes in 1960.

We have no idea how much chance Mrs. Luce's idea has, but we do feel sure that some feminine readers will resent Mrs. Luce's suggestion that a woman would not make a good President right this minute. When the feminists rise up in their wrath, all we ask is that they direct their shafts at Mrs. Luce, not us. We make it a rule not to fight with women—unless the odds are all in our favor, that is.

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Catholic-Protestant Relations

Rules for the Dialogue

by ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

EDITORS' NOTE: Dr. Brown is a member of the faculty of Union Theological Seminary in New York and is on the editorial board of Christianity and Crisis, the well-known Protestant bi-weekly. He was a contributor to the recently published "American Catholics: A Protestant-Jewish View" (Sheed & Ward), edited by Philip Scharper, and will be remembered by many readers of The Commonweal for his "Types of Anti-Catholicism," published some years ago in these pages.

The following article, in what the editors believe is a unique event in religious journalism, is being published simultaneously in The Commonweal and in the Christian Century, the "undenominational" Protestant weekly. Regular readers will be aware of the many and fundamental differences between these two journals; despite these differences, the editors of both magazines are agreed on the importance of furthering the Christian dialogue to which Dr. Brown's article is devoted.

IF ONE WORD has burst full-blown into the battle-scarred arena of "Catholic-Protestant relations," it has been the word "dialogue," a word which is in danger of being trivialized by overuse. Everyone seems to be agreed that there is a new atmosphere which may make it possible for Catholics and Protestants to talk together once more without simply trying to score points or secure conversions, an atmosphere in which both groups can speak and listen (though not, one hopes, simultaneously).

This much is clear in every treatment of Catholicism and Protestantism these days: everybody agrees that there should be dialogue. What is not so clear is just how this dialogue should be conducted. And the intent of the following paragraphs is to move beyond the genial generality that Dialogue Is A Good Thing, to a description of some of the conditions which must prevail if the dialogue is to prove fruitful. We have arrived at that rather awkward moment when we agree that we must talk to one another, and we do not know quite how to begin. Here, then, are half a dozen possible ground rules:

1. *Each partner must believe that the other is speaking in good faith.* This is the indispensable minimum of any kind of dialogue. As long as the Catholic feels that the Protestant is simply trying to get the inside story on hierarchical politics, so that he can exploit it afar, the Catholic is going to be understandably reticent about speaking openly. As long as the Protestant feels that Catholic talk about "democracy" or "tolerance" is expediency, designed to cover up the "real" Catholic position, he will preclude the possibility of any good emerging from the discussion. Any dialogue must assume a common devotion to truth.

But in the Catholic-Protestant dialogue, we must count on something much more significant than a common devotion to truth. We must count on a common devotion to the One Who said "I am the . . . truth." The reason why, in this particular dialogue, we must believe that the other partner speaks in good faith is not merely because he is a civilized man, but because we are both servants of Jesus Christ. This is a tremendous advantage which Catholic-Protestant discussion possesses, which is not present in other "inter-faith" discussions: we share a common faith in Jesus Christ.

Sharing this faith makes us "brethren." Some of my Protestant friends feel that there is an attitude of condescension in the Catholic description of Protestants as "separated brethren." I do not share this feeling. I think the phrase an excellent one, for it describes exactly what we are. No matter *who* has done the "separating," separated we are, nonetheless. But we are also and most basically "brethren." The adjective may modify the noun but it does not displace it. We are "brethren" because we share a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and a baptism in the Triune name recognized by each as valid. And I am heartened by the fact that

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in the current dialogue there is less reference to "*separated* brethren" and more reference to "separated *brethren*." The nuance is of incalculable importance.

2. *Each partner must have a clear understanding of his own faith.* This implies an eagerness to articulate his position, and a willingness to have it scrutinized. I see no problems here for either partner. At the present time any Catholic participant in the dialogue must be carefully chosen and approved (in terms of the Instruction of the Sacred Office of 20 December 1949), and will be told that the fullness of the Catholic faith must be presented without compromise or "watering down" to make it initially more palatable.

There is a kind of problem here for the Protestant, both because Protestant faith by its very nature cannot be articulated with quite the precision of Catholic thought, and also because of a long-standing and baleful American tendency to equate the Protestant faith with "what I find appealing." Part of the enduring Protestant task, therefore, will be not only to articulate its position *vis-à-vis* Catholicism, but to engage in some strenuous intramural debate, so that it may discover more accurately what things are and are not essential to its proclamation. (The existence of the World Council of Churches has considerably hastened this process.) A better informed Protestantism is an indispensable condition to the on-going dialogue; we can count on an informed Catholicism.

3. *Each partner must strive for a clear understanding of the faith of the other.* This is both a precondition of dialogue and a result of it. It is a *precondition* in the sense that neither partner has a right to waste the other's time by starting the dialogue in total ignorance of the other's position. Both groups are required to do some serious homework in advance. There are plenty of misunderstandings which can be dissipated by a little honest reading.

However, reading will never give a really clear understanding of the faith of the other. This can only come as a *result* of dialogue. For it will only be in some kind of give-and-take, face-to-face encounter that the most deep-seated misunderstandings will be cleared up.

There are two important corollaries to this mutual striving for a clear understanding of the faith of the other:

a. The first of these is *a willingness to interpret the faith of the other in its best light rather than its worst.* This sounds very obvious in principle but it is far from obvious in practice. Far too many Protestants, when they do trouble to read a papal encyclical, read it simply to discover further examples of what they politely call papal dominance and less politely call thought-control; they read Catholic literature simply in order to add fuel to their anti-Catholic fires. (Ironically enough, the fact that there is increasing self-criticism in modern Catholic circles helps to make the blaze burn more brightly, but the irony of this fact escapes the fire-watchers.) So, too, there are Catholics who would be constitutionally incapable of taking seriously the notion that anything good came out of the Reformation, or that Martin Luther was anything but an arrogant monk who couldn't take the discipline of obedience. There are plenty of sins on both sides to be exploited. Those who want to exploit them can have a field day. They can have everything, in fact, except fruitful dialogue.

This does not mean glossing over problems, or pretending that grievous sins were never committed. It does mean that the best becomes our norm rather than the worst. If Protestants want to be appraised in terms of Reinhold Niebuhr rather than Carl McIntyre, they must be willing to evaluate the papacy in terms of John XXIII rather than John XXII.

b. A second corollary follows from the attempt to get a clear understanding of the faith of the other. Each partner must maintain a *continual willingness to revise his understanding of the faith of the other.* Dialogue can be a very dangerous pastime, for it may force us to give up some of our most cherished caricatures, and these die hard. It is really rather comfortable for a Protestant to believe that the Roman version of the formula "Outside the church there is no salvation," is the precise equivalent of saying, "All non-Catholics go to hell," for this makes it easy for him to use words like "intolerance," "bigotry," and "spiritual pride." But if he thinks that that is the actual teaching of the church, the process of dialogue will let him in for some real surprises, and he will have to change his tune. The Catholic may also have some rude shocks in store for him. I have found that most Roman Catholics look on Protestantism as sheer private individualism, each person believing whatever he pleases, subject to no higher authority than the whim of the moment. It will be truly disconcerting to Roman Catholics to discover Protestants who live under the corporate discipline of the Word of God, who believe expressly that they must live in utter subjection to that Word, and who believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament, to say nothing of affirming their belief that "outside the church there is no salvation."

Let the work of dialogue proceed, then, if only that both partners may engage in the noble work of caricature-assassination.

4. *Each partner must accept responsibility in humility and penitence for what his group has done, and is doing, to foster and perpetuate division.* Canon Southcott, an Anglican parish priest, reports a discussion with a Roman Catholic priest, during which the latter said, "You know, it was our fault at the Reformation."

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To which, Canon Southcott comments, there are only two possible replies: either, "Of course it was," or, "It was our fault too." The latter response is beginning to carry weight in Protestant-Catholic discussions and is being voiced on both sides. No reputable Catholic historian any longer denies that things were in a sorry state in sixteenth century Christendom. Conversely, few Protestants any longer try to make the sixteenth century into the Golden Age of Protestantism. If we do not subscribe to the notion that the Reformation threw the baby out with the bath, in the somewhat calmer ecclesiastical atmosphere of the twentieth century we are at least reexamining the possible use of some of the things that were thrown out.

Many Roman Catholics today are saying that the perpetuation of the divisions of Christendom is not simply due to Protestant wrongheadedness, but also due to the wrong kind of Catholic intransigence. Protestants can acknowledge that for centuries the Protestant tendency was to divide Christendom ever and ever more disastrously, and that if the ecumenical movement is reversing this trend it is still building on the wreckage of three centuries.

Such admissions are not simply a matter of being polite. They are a matter of recognizing that we all contribute to the perpetuation of division in a Christendom which Christ clearly wills to be one. Each side, in other words, bears responsibility for the fact that Christendom is divided, and each side bears responsibility for the fact that Christendom remains divided. It is salutary that one of the prayers which Catholics and Protestants are permitted to pray together contains the phrase, "Forgive us our trespasses."

5. *Each partner must forthrightly face the issues which cause separation, as well as those which create unity*. If certain disputants simply want to stress the differences between Catholicism and Protestantism, there are others who in the name of a false kind of Christian charity are unwilling to face the differences lest the atmosphere be soiled. Either avenue leads to the destruction of dialogue, the first because cynicism deepens separation, and the second because sentimentality issues in disappointment. Far better that each partner recognize at the start that no amount of emphasis upon points held in common will dissipate the differences which still remain. There is no half-way house, for example, between believing (a) that the pope is infallible, and (b) that the pope is not infallible. Not even the combined genius of Catholic and Protestant theology could produce a satisfactory middle term. There is no such thing as being "a little bit infallible." The differences ought to be recognized directly and forthrightly and openly, so long as they are not the only things that are recognized. If they are stressed first, they may provide psychological deterrents to the initiation of the dialogue. If they are stressed fifth (as they are here) they may keep the dialogue on a realistic track.

There is always the possibility, of course, that *some* of the differences may turn out to be less divisive than was originally thought. Catholic theologians in Germany are now discussing what the Council of Trent really meant by "justification," and some are arguing that the best restatement of Trent has been given by Karl Barth! If this should be so, it will represent real gain for both sides; there will be one less area for nasty polemics, and one more area for joyful sharing of belief.

But let no one forget that the airing of differences may also make clear that the cleavages are much deeper than the partners to the dialogue had previously thought. The Protestant who naively hopes that Catholicism will "give up" certain beliefs (such as the infallibility of the pope or the assertion that Roman Catholicism is the only true Church of Jesus Christ) for the sake of unity, is in for a depressing experience. The Catholic who hopes that Protestants can be brought back into Catholicism by the concession of some "fringe benefits" (such as a married clergy or permission to sing John Wesley's hymns during the mass) is going to discover that Protestant convictions run a little deeper than that.

All of this may sound very depressing. If the recognition of the differences is liable to accentuate them, what is the point of talking at all? And the atmosphere would indeed be depressing if there were not a final ingredient necessary for the dialogue, the most important of all.

6. The final ingredient is this: *Each partner must recognize that all that can be done with the dialogue is to offer it up to God*. What "happens" as a result of the dialogue must be left strictly in His hands. If something is to issue from it, He will see to it that something does. If we attempt to manipulate the dialogue, or "use" it, we may be sure that we will thwart whatever good lies potentially in it. If, in typical American fashion, we are immediately impatient for "results," we will simply have to learn something about the patience of God, or we will try His patience yet further. While there is always a possibility that conversion may result from conversation, it will be a betrayal if we feel that the dialogue has been a failure because conversion has not taken place.

We must not, in other words, participate in the dialogue with preconceived notions *of ours* as to precisely where it should lead. We would agree that it should lead ultimately to the unity of all Christians, to the fulfilling of the prayer of Christ "that they all may be one." But we must not attempt, at this juncture anyhow, to be too sure just how that ought to come. If we talk together, and offer our talking to God, we can be

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sure that He will show us the next steps. Humanly speaking, the gulf between us seems an impenetrable one, since the terms of reunion which Catholics and Protestants now set are mutually exclusive. Reunion does not seem to be humanly possible.

And if we believe only in what is humanly possible, we should despair. But no Christian is entitled to believe only in what is humanly possible. We have to affirm—and really mean it—that "with men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible." And this is why the dialogue is important; not because we know what will come of it, but precisely because we do *not* know what may come of it. We have no way of knowing what use the Holy Spirit may make of our conversations. This is why we must not presume to manipulate the course of the dialogue with too heavy a hand. All we can really do is to say in penitence and yet in hope that we disagree and that we agree that it is wrong to disagree. All we can really do is to proceed in faith and hope and love, believing that God can use our imperfect words, and out of them fashion an edifice in which He can dwell more fully in the life of men than we yet know how to measure.

This means, of course, that the atmosphere of dialogue is above all and before all and beneath all the atmosphere of prayer. If we are really willing to leave the outcome in God's hands (with all the attendant possibilities and risks which that involves), this means simply that we are offering our dialogue up to Him in prayer, asking Him to do with it as He wills, rather than as we will, and recognizing that whatever repairing is to take place in the broken walls of Christendom will be accomplished by Him and not by us. For the moment our task is to come to know one another, both in our similarities and our differences, in our respective glories and our respective sins, and to offer this common endeavor to God, for whatever use He may design to make of it.

So much, then, for six conditions of fruitful dialogue. There are probably other ground rules which should be added to these. If there are, it will be one of the gifts of the dialogue to make them apparent.

"GRACIAS, FIDEL"

A Man in Havana

by RICHARD GILMAN

LIKE MOST Latin-American capitals, Havana is a city where politics is the clue to everything. This pastel metropolis, open to the sea and sky, with its febrile under-life and its suddenly encountered heroic statues, seems unable to make its simplest gestures without a programmatic intention. In the rare moments when there is satisfaction with the way the state is being run, the joy of life becomes indistinguishable from delight in a fine-sounding constitution; lovers will take heart from the promise of free elections and the shoeshine boys will make their cloths really snap.

Conversely, when the political noose is tightened the city grows tense and violent beneath its blue heavens which do not change. Then the countless traffic accidents are more vicious than usual, the tiny cups of dark sweet coffee are consumed with unwonted fierceness, and the leisurely Spanish-style club-life of the retired sugar growers and ex-judges becomes a sullen waiting game.

As I walked the morning after my arrival down the Malecon, the ocean-drive over which the sea flashes when the wind is high, I played the returning visitor, on the alert for continuity or change. Three years ago the city had been in one of its most guarded moods, although the naive voyager might have detected nothing amiss beneath the official smile and the gloss of pleasure. The night-clubs were flourishing and the soft, well-mannered men of the street-corners who live off the secret appetites of tourists were as obliging as ever. The weather was gold and azure. In the zoo a newly whelped lion cub was on display. But it had been only a few weeks since a band of students had made a foredoomed, gallant attempt to storm the presidential palace and kill the dictator, and the Central Park area was watchful with soldiers, the late-afternoon shopping crowds gave off an air of resentment and of having an inconclusive right to the streets.

Within a block I saw the first evidence of change, one of those revelations of its feelings that Havana continually offers. *"Gracias, Fidel, gracias para todo,"* the hand-lettered sign in a window read—"Thank you, Fidel, thank you for everything." The building was some kind of school, one of the touchingly obscure

Mr. Gilman, a frequent contributor, recently revisited Cuba for the first time since the Revolution.

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academies which provide Cubans with their cherished titles of Doctor or expert of whatever kind. I was to see hundreds of similar signs in the windows of stores or homes, or car windshields (or on the rear bumpers where we are accustomed to seeing *Ausable Chasm)* and on banners stretched across boulevards.

WHERE the Malecon meets the Prado, the old main street that starts across the bay from Morro Castle, an army barracks was being converted into a Museum of the Revolution. I remembered that on my last visit the city had been dotted with public-works projects, each of them advertising itself as a "work of Batista," the dictator's largesse not daring to risk going unnoticed. Now, too, streets were being repaved, new government buildings going up, but the work signs, the kind the Edison Company puts up in our streets, bore patriotic slogans like "The Revolution is Construction," and, together with the other indications of heightened, purposeful energy I was discovering, they made me think of the atmosphere that must have prevailed in the Russia of 1917, that first access of enthusiasm which Pasternak had described as "a feeling that a god had descended from heaven."

I don't want to be misunderstood. What I'm referring to here is an undifferentiated revolutionary ardor, naive, over-ambitious, selfless in a high degree, such as arises when a people feels itself to have begun to live by its own hands. There was another ubiquitous slogan that exemplifies what I mean: "To consume what the nation produces, that is patriotism!" There is something almost intolerably naive in this—one envisages Cubans trying to satisfy the complex material demands of modern existence with sugar, rum and cigars—but also something admirable and in any case instructive.

A god has descended from heaven. In the heart of Old Havana, that area of shops, banks, markets and cafes, whose sixteenth-century streets are so narrow one has to hug the buildings when a car squeezes by, the picture of the liberator was everywhere. There seemed to be a quasi-official photograph of Castro—army hat tilted back, shirt open at the throat, eyes fastened on a distant prospect of political felicity—but also a great variety of informal shots (one cafe had immortalized itself with an enormous blow-up of a photograph of the premier having a drink at its bar) as well as some vastly unpleasant paintings that showed him in near-ecstasy, with melting eyes and lips like Clara Bow about to say Grace.

At every opportunity I tried to find out what discrepancy there might be between the public apotheosis and the private image. At street level my investigations yielded generally a sort of bemused compassion for the ignorance I apparently revealed. And these men—waiters, bartenders, cab-drivers, newspaper vendors, shoeshine boys—impressed me as truthful and under no constraint. The conversations went something like this:

"Well, how are things?"
"Good, senor, very good."
"Better than before, eh?"
"Of course, how is it not possible?"
"Fidel is quite a man, isn't he?"
"Such a man. We've never had anyone like him."
"I suppose it was pretty rough before."
"You cannot imagine."

THERE was one dissenter, a cab driver who complained that Castro, by frightening away the tourists, had ruined his business. When I moved to a more sophisticated level there was another, a Cuban businessman to whom I had been referred in New York. I spoke to him in his office near the National Capital building and we smoked cigars while he told me of the leader's increasingly high-handed ways, the capricious ukases that issued from the desks of "amateurs and text-book politicians," the steady drying up of the right to criticize and the regime's disastrous economic policy.

He had been an early supporter of Castro, having contributed a good deal of money to the cause, and was now in the position of a man who sees the monument for which he has heavily subscribed going up in agonizingly bad taste. He had said nothing about Communism, and when I asked him (without enthusiasm; I didn't relish the role of inverted commissar), he replied that it wasn't the issue, that it had been exaggerated and that the real question was one of lust for power, doctrinaire economic theories and Latin American political immaturity, all combining to bring Cuba, so weary of abysses, to the edge of a new one.

I was given a different viewpoint next day by a Father Sandrinas, a man I had been urged to see because he had been the only priest with Castro in the mountains. I met him at a little restaurant near the site of a chapel he was building. He came slowly across the street, stopping several times to greet admirers, an astonishingly tiny man, balding, blue-eyed behind steel-rimmed glasses, as delicate as a bird. But what was most disconcerting was his cassock: its color was Cuban army green and it was cut on top like an Eisenhower jacket, with the gold stars of a *commandante,* or major, on the shoulders and crosses on the lapels.

He told me his story over lunch. A priest since 1941 (he was only forty-two though he seemed much older), he had not been actively interested in politics until a fellow priest who had been tortured by Batista's police was brought to his room to hide out. When Castro's expedition landed, Father Sandrinas decided to join him in the Sierra Maestra. He obtained a leave of absence and on July 7, 1957, dressed in civilian clothes

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and preceded by a donkey carrying a portable altar and Mass supplies, began a 28-hour climb up to Castro's headquarters. For the next eighteen months he served as the rebels' chaplain and after their victory was acclaimed as one of the authentic heroes of the revolution.

He was as much devoted to Castro as he had ever been and countered my questions about the regime's totalitarian tendencies by saying that it was a temporary condition, that when it became possible there would be elections, full freedoms, the luxury of debate. It was an answer I was to receive from almost everyone I spoke to. I mentioned that there had been talk in U.S. Catholic circles about dissension between the Church and the regime. He put his finger to his lips, said "Ssshhh" and added with a smile, "Your cardinal has said that Cuba's is a Church of silence. Don't you think we'd better be careful?"

This gently mocking reference to Cardinal Cushing's statement at a Boston Communion Breakfast was to be repeated by other Cubans I met, though not again with such mildness. The thing was absolutely untrue, he went on to say; the Cuban bishops had even written the Boston prelate an open letter advising him that he had been misinformed. There was, however, he said, an element in the Cuban Church that was bitterly hostile to the Revolution. They had gone so far as to try to suppress public knowledge that Castro and several of his lieutenants had made a formal appearance at the opening ceremonies of a recent national Catholic Congress and that the premier had sent his personal plane to bring a revered statue to Havana from a shrine in the south.

I asked him if he would help me get an interview with Castro. He did not like to trouble him, he said, but he would get an appointment for me with an official in the State Department. He made a phone call to arrange it and then we walked into the street where I thanked him and said goodby. As I turned, my cab driver, who had served as interpreter during rough spots in our conversation, rushed past me and said something to the priest "What did you tell him?" I asked later. "I told him we were proud of him," the man said, and added that although he himself was not a believer he greatly respected a priest who worked for the people the way this one did.

THE OFFICIALS I met at the State Department's Press Bureau were all young men, newspaper or magazine editors who doubled as volunteer propagandists. They were earnest, clean-cut, self-confident; for a moment they seemed less like revolutionaries than like the directorate of a young, energetic soap company. I told them I was a friend of Cuba and wanted to learn as much as I could about the true situation. For an hour they took turns addressing me, trying to make me *see,* though I had not yet demurred at anything; behind their monologues lay the clear implication that to be regarded as a friend one would have to accept, and be prepared to extol, every detail of the Fidelian dispensation.

For the next few days, shepherded by a newspaperman assigned me by the Bureau, I was taken from one interview to another. I had been promised a meeting with Castro, but for some reason it never came about. The officials I did see were lecturers, intent on self-definition—the self in every case having been absorbed into the general revolutionary ego—and there was no possibility of communication.

They simply brushed aside my remarks about a Cuban misreading of American motives and actions, for example, while I found myself increasingly lucid about how wrong they were in this regard. Their revolution was their own, of course, but why did they have to be so fatefully certain that it was the only reality anywhere? Love us, understand us, they seemed to say, and do it without conditions or any hope of return and above all without reminding us of the dialectic by which ideologies are led to betray their aspirations.

The man I came closest to coming through to, so that our eyes at least could meet, was a Franciscan priest, an intellectual who edited a bi-weekly magazine and wrote essays affirming the Revolution's harmony with advanced Catholic social doctrine. He was a big, table-pounding sort of man, but he could smile and he was not as beguiled as the others by a dream of oppression over whose landscape hovered American bombers and where the chains that kept the noble sleeper from attaining his destiny were fashioned from dollar signs.

He spoke forcefully of the Revolution as one inspired by Christian humanism. We are more Christian than ever, he said, because for the first time our people are being given a chance for a truly human existence. Economic democracy has to come before political freedom, since everything remains talk and air as long as men are starving. If Cuba were to return to a parliamentary system at this moment the result would be chaos and the re-establishment in one form or another of the ancient regime.

Castro, he said, can be regarded from a philosophic point of view as a dictator, but because ninety per cent of the people are behind him he is actually executing their will. But should he overreach himself, should more than three or four years go by without the beginnings of democratic procedure, they would repudiate him. As for the Communists, he added, they will be crushed when Castro feels it is the right moment; until then conditions make it necessary to tolerate their presence.

I was impressed by what he said but not con-

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vinced. When I quoted Camus' dictum that "every revolutionary ends by becoming either a heretic or an oppressor," he replied flatly that "it won't happen here." It was that almost air-tight self-assurance, the feeling he gave me of having a proprietary interest in the fulfillment of a prophecy, that left me mainly unconverted.

THERE IS one more encounter to mention. One morning I was ushered into the presence of the Archbishop of Havana to receive some additional evidence the State Department thought I should have. The bishop, a little round bent man, spoke in whispers. He told me that there was nothing but amity between the Church and the administration and referred to a public statement he had recently made to the effect that in all his years as a prelate no regime had treated the Church more favorably than this one.

When we were outside my interpreter said, "You see, it is all lies, just like the lies about our confiscation of American property. Do you want to see the Minister of Commerce about that?" But I had grown suddenly intensely weary of propaganda, of half-truths or truth itself for that matter, as long as it continued to issue from official lips. The Archbishop was a footnote to the text; I could only respect his caution and believe what he had said, but I felt sidetracked by having to follow this unreeling scroll, by having to submit to an endless talking to.

I could not bear to hear another "You do not understand." For I did. At least I had come to understand that what separated me from this revolution, this zealous, narrow new attempt on the future, with its undoubted sacrifices behind it and its abstractly generous impulses but also its many Pavlovian responses to a present that was really a past unexorcised, was more than a difference in vocabularies. It had to do with an immense unlikeness of an historical and psychological kind. I was not a citizen of a tiny country perpetually under the shadow of a gigantic neighbor which had in truth frequently committed rape upon it. I did not have behind me a national history of terror and unreason and material insufficiency made worse by the absence of all generosity. And I was too sophisticated by inheritance to identify politics with existence or to be unaware that doctrines are always half dead and by nature half death-dealers.

That night, the last of my stay, I opened myself to this city where the children are of all ages. I walked along the bay and into the town and looked at the colored neon signs that spelled "Tropicana," "Bacardi," words suggesting heat and sensuality and a gibe at politics. I saw a young bearded soldier with his arms around two girls, his glamour not yet having worn off. I passed a police station where I had seen the dictator's instruments of torture preserved in terrifying actuality, with bloodstains still surrounding them. On a boulevard a parade went by, with signs proclaiming that the marchers, young men and women dressed uniformly in blue and white—Cuba's colors—were teachers who were about to leave for the countryside to combat illiteracy. A radio sent forth the rhythms of a meringue. A woman whispered to me from a hallway. A sign announced that the workers of the Hotel Nacional were firmly behind the Revolution, with or without tourism.

And then I remembered that one day as I waited at the State Department an elderly woman typist had put her hand on my arm and said, "Tell the truth about us, they have to know the truth." It was so very simple to her, a tale of suffering, release and regeneration, but to me it was as bitterly ambiguous as such social dramas always are. She would be sure to think that I had failed.

FROM ENGLAND

Morals and Medicine

by MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

THERE HAVE been reports circulated in the United States, I am told, to the effect that Catholic doctors in England are unable to participate in the National Health Service, for reasons involving such questions of conscience as artificial contraception, sterilization, therapeutic abortions, and the like. But I find no evidence here on which such reports could be based. Indeed, when I talk to Catholic doctors about the National Health Service, the most remarkable thing is that they seem to have no very special view in the matter at all. They grumble or praise it about as much and for about the same reasons as doctors of any other kind. But of a distinctive Catholic view I can find no trace.

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In one way this is very satisfactory, for it means that as regards those questions that mark off Catholics from the rest of the people, such as birth control and abortion, for instance, Catholic doctors feel themselves no worse off with the Health Service than without it. After as before the introduction of the Health Service, general practitioners, Catholic or otherwise, are free to prescribe such treatment as they think necessary.

A doctor can, of course, be held to account for professional misconduct, and if he prescribes too generously may find himself judged by a jury of his colleagues and, if they so decide, required to pay part or all of the excess himself. But these are limits that affect all general practitioners in all their work, not Catholics in particular.

If a patient dislikes a doctor's Catholic principles, he is free after as before the Health Service to change to another doctor, and if a doctor prefers not to have a patient on his list he has only to say so and the patient will have to go elsewhere. But that happens rarely. In practice, patients who prefer the advice of a Catholic doctor put themselves on a Catholic doctor's list, those who find a Catholic doctor's views unacceptable choose someone else, and there is no need to quarrel.

In the hospitals the position is more difficult. Gynecology is a branch which a young Catholic doctor looking for his specialty would do well to avoid. He *can* get to the top in it, and once he does so he is free. A consultant, like a general practitioner, is free to prescribe the treatment he thinks fit, and an employing authority will find it hard to get rid of him even if it should want to. But the problem is to get there.

It will not help a rising young gynecologist if he is known as a solid Catholic, firm in his principles. It is not unknown for a consultant to refuse to recommend a junior colleague for promotion simply on the ground that he is a Catholic. But note: this problem arises from the nature of hospitals, which are large and highly organized bodies, and not from that of the National Health Service. The problem was there before the Service, and it would still be there tomorrow if the Service were abolished. In fact, it might be there in a more virulent form, for in a public service there is at least some pressure against the more open and crude kinds of discrimination.

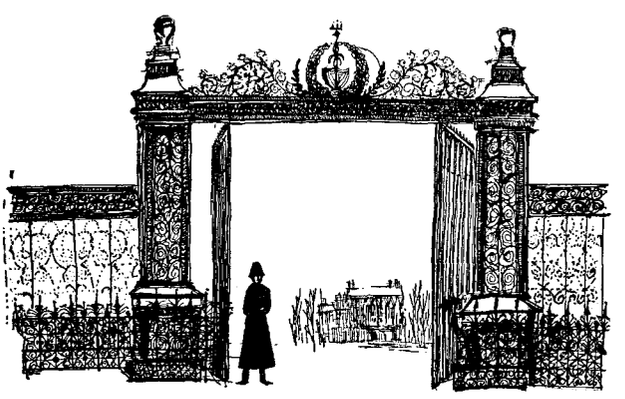
I have heard doctors argue that the answer to this problem depends on the Catholic public. In the 1960's, of all births in England and Wales Catholic births are likely to be 16%, rising to 17½% by 1965. Adding those for Scotland, where the Catholic share in the population is higher, the proportion for all Britain must be rising towards 20%. If 20% of the mothers with gynecology problems were to insist that they wanted the advice of a Catholic doctor, the prospects for Catholic gynecologists would show a dramatic change. If Catholic mothers do not do this—and that unfortunately is often the fact—it is no use blaming the Health Service.

The same problem does not arise in other branches; there are fewer Catholic consultants than there ought to be, but that is not the fault of the Health Service but of Catholic boys and girls who do not go looking for the jobs. Gynecology remains the one field where there might be a case for Catholics to "contract out" of the State service and operate their own system of hospitals. But I do not think the case is a strong one; precisely because the Health Service is a public service, its abuses not only can but should be checked from within. Catholic principles are not for internal consumption only, and it is all to the good that Catholic doctors meet and influence other doctors as colleagues on the same footing and in the same institutions.

If the time ever came when we did have to contract out, there are a number of independent Catholic hospitals and nursing homes on which to build. At the present time these are amenities rather than necessities —a description I hope no one will misunderstand. By it I mean that it is a necessity to provide hospital service—and this the Health Service does—but an amenity to provide better service. This the Catholic institution does. One service in which some of the Catholic nursing homes have specially distinguished themselves is that of the chronic and hopelessly sick. I suppose that the Sisters who run a small hospital near my home could hardly put in their advertisements that theirs is the best place in the county in which to die. But that happens to be their reputation, and one that has brought them great and merited prestige among Catholics and Protestants alike.

AMERICAN reports about Catholic non-participation in the National Health Service, then, seem completely without foundation. But I myself wonder whether in another sense we Catholics ought not to be much more critical of the National Health Service than we are. I mean about its general character as a system of socialized medicine.

In making this remark, it is only fair that I introduce myself. If the American Medical Association were to



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send an expedition to Britain and seek among our political parties the organized group which, without being on the lunatic fringe, was prepared to go furthest in denationalizing the National Health Service, who would they find? Me, among others, for I am at the moment chairman of a small Liberal group which was set up precisely for the purpose of working out ways and means of introducing more voluntary insurance and free choice into the Health Service. I can thus claim in this matter to represent, as I do not always do, the extreme right wing. Let us see, then, what the extreme right wing has to say.

First, though, what it does *not* say. I do not know of any responsible body of opinion in Britain which wants to give up the principle of a comprehensive, planned health service, covering all contingencies for everyone for an unlimited period of time on a basis of insurance plus direct State provision. No one who has lived with such a system, and especially no father or mother, wants to go back to any other. I have known many colleagues who have spent periods working in the United States. They (and I) have much that is good to say of your medical service. But I have yet to meet the father of a family, even in the well-to-do middle class, who does not thank God to return to the benefits of the National Health Service.

Secondly, we are not impressed with the criticism that in some respects the National Health Service has been under-equipped, and particularly that too little has been spent on new building. After the war we in this country had to face the fact that there simply was not enough capital to pay for all the social equipment needed. During the war hospitals had been built, but houses had been destroyed and the birth-rate had risen. By a deliberate decision of policy, therefore, made by the Labor Party and confirmed when they came into office by the Conservatives, capital was concentrated on houses and schools. Only now, when the housing and school problem is coming under control, are new hospitals again being freely built. The medical services, like everything else, have had to take their place in the queue, and I for one do not think that the priorities have been wrong.

But people like myself do have a serious criticism to make of the National Health Service on a major point. The right basis for financing the Service, we say, is voluntary insurance, of the type provided by the very popular British United Provident Association, although the BUPA plans would have to be varied a good deal if they were the main standby instead of a supplement to National Health. Those who do not insure must also have their comprehensive coverage, and the State must provide it. But it could provide it on such onerous terms—by requiring those who do not have adequate voluntary coverage to pay an extra contribution to National Insurance at a penal rate, for example—that almost everyone would find it worth while to take out voluntary insurance. And the State would also, of course, need to subsidize the voluntary insurance plans to cover otherwise uninsurable risks.

THE ADVANTAGES of financing the Health Service by voluntary insurance are of several kinds. To the hospital it offers the possibility of raising funds directly from the patient or insurance organization on a basis related to service rendered. Hospitals would no longer need to get their funds through the cumbersome and rigid procedures of the State budget. Earning and spending their own money, they could have more freedom to plan ahead and experiment.

To the patient, voluntary insurance would mean freer choice, not of general practitioner—he has that already—but of hospital and of specialist or surgeon. And to the general practitioner it would mean more chance to advise his patients on this choice, and therefore more weight in the hospitals and with the specialists—an attractive idea, because one of the justified criticisms of National Health has been its tendency to overweight the hospital services at the expense of the general practitioner.

To the family, voluntary insurance means more scope for responsible decision. As the founders of the late lamented Peckham Health Centre used to say, the mere fact of putting one's hand in one's pocket to find the money for medical treatment can be a contribution to mental and through it to physical health.

To the National Health Service as a whole, finally, voluntary insurance might be expected to bring a change for which many people in the Service are already asking—a shift in emphasis from budgetary control, often rather narrowly conceived, to what Sir George Schuster of the Oxford Regional Hospital Board calls "creative leadership." The job of the Ministry of Health or of the Regional Hospital Boards—which might become Regional Health Boards with responsibility for all branches of the service—would consist much less than at present of sheer administration and much more of organizing the exchange of ideas, promoting experiments, and stimulating research.

I say all this frankly as a politician; I am not attempting any explicit statement of Christian principles. But I hope there is some connection between the politics and the principles, and this brings me back to my initial point about Catholic doctors and the National Health Service. There is such a thing as the principle of subsidiarity, and it applies to the field of medical care as well as to others. I am rather surprised that the views on the National Health Service I have just suggested should be so much a personal view and that there should be so little sign of any thought-out trend in that direction among those doctors who share, if not my politics, at any rate my principles.

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A MILLION MIGRANTS

MOST PEOPLE concerned with the migrant farm laborers of the United States want to cut down the number of men and families who live this life of seasonal wandering. At the same time they want to change the depressing situation for the migrants expected to remain on the road. In many respects these seem to be quite different, almost alternative, purposes.

Our million or so farm migrants do not make up a huge group, relatively, of American labor. Nevertheless, a million people have a very absolute importance. Furthermore, their condition has great effect upon the country's total labor force; and their influence is powerful everywhere that farming and farm crops and prices make a difference, from the local grocery store to the national Capitol. Disconcertingly, and colorfully, too, they form a sort of second nation, required now by the economy but not integrated into the society.

Almost half of the farm migrants during recent years have been foreign contract workers, principally the *braceros* from Mexico. The argument against this extraordinary system is overwhelming. But finally ending the system, which was developed as an emergency measure for World War II, would not solve the general problem.

How could the country eliminate migrant farm labor? A pool of local labor could be kept available, with the workers getting only a few weeks' or months' work a year. . . and how would they maintain themselves all year round? They could theoretically work at local nonfarm jobs the rest of the year. But how could this dovetailing be worked out from the side of industry, and how could enough men be found who were able and willing to work effectively both in agriculture and in the other industries?

It is conceivable that a large part of American agriculture could be reorganized so that farms would have a far steadier demand for labor throughout the year. This would require a reversal of the present trends toward specialization on the land and toward the "integration" of growing with nationwide, mass marketing. It would probably call for something of a counter-revolution toward less "economic" subsistence farming, away from progressive "agribusiness."

It is true that the strong current of technological change in the country works in part toward the reduction of seasonal labor—along with all farm labor. Machines reduce the peak demand for hands, and they transfer functions from the seasonally altering landscape to air-conditioned factories where farm machines are made. They transform farm operations so that the wanted man is no longer a good man with a hoe or sickle, but rather a mechanic, attached to a multi-purpose machine useful in many industries. But there is no near prospect of machines eliminating sudden demands for migrant labor: they could not in the foreseeable future even reduce the demand to balance the withdrawal of the foreign *braceros*.

Most of the present work, or agitation, for the migrants is shaped by the idea that they are temporary members of the set local communities where they seasonally come and work and live and go. Much effort undertaken from this viewpoint is bound to be terribly expensive and wasteful, and thoroughly frustrating. A farm district simply can't create desirable houses and churches, schools and hospitals, parks and libraries just for the days when the apples are being picked or the cotton ginned or the lettuce boxed. Nor can the itinerant workers enter very deeply or satisfyingly into a local society when they pass hastily through four or six or more such societies during every year's tour.

While everything possible can well be done to make the local community *hospitable,* it might still be better recognized that the migrant farm workers can have a much more adequate community and society of their own than they do now, moving along the road and embracing them as they complete the round of their strange pilgrim year. Our over-all arrangements insure that there will be nomads wandering through "the sown," but we seem loath to permit them to develop a decent nomadic way of life in our more static midst.

The most obvious need, of course, is more money, but the individual and group expenditures of nomads are not naturally the same as for those who try to stay in one place. Reasonably, for example, would it be better for migrants to have half a dozen quasi-houses along the road from Texas to Canada for their brief visits, or one, five-times-better, mobile house of their own? The actual house is a solid symbol. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, priests; school teachers and school rooms; nurses and clinics; even tax collectors and public officers, might move with them as part of their permanent community.

The gypsies kept a separate civilization going for centuries in horse-drawn wagons, relying on a very peculiar income from the lands they traversed. The migrant farm workers perform a basic service for their country and can have at their disposal the triumphs of a civilization which prides itself on mobility and flexibility. They might add to our culture even more interesting aspects than the clothes we wear and the food we eat, which are already very much their responsibility.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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THE SCREEN

WET WEEK

PRODUCERS Andrew and Virginia Stone, who turn out tense movie thrillers and like to make them on location to add to the realism and thrills, have reached the ultimate in "The Last Voyage." Aware that the *Ile de France* had been sold to the Japanese for scrap, the Stones made a deal with the ship's new owners to use the beautiful luxury liner as a set for their film—a film that describes the last voyage of a large luxury liner (now called the *S. S. Claridon*) in which all hell breaks loose when a fire is followed by boiler explosions before the ship sinks to its watery grave. It is not often that movie makers have a whole ship to play with, and the Stones have taken full advantage of their opportunity.

"The Last Voyage" has beautiful shots of the glamorous ship, of the passengers eating, drinking and amusing themselves on deck and below, and of the crew doing their various jobs on a classy level topside or of a more menial type below in the boiler rooms. When the fire breaks out in the cabin-class dining room, there is some concern, but not too much until a boiler safety-valve clogs and the boiler blows up. Then the excitement starts, and the captain is faced with problems: should he alert the passengers and perhaps start a panic, or should he calm them and hope that all will work out well? He follows the wrong course, waits too long, and while the results are not reassuring to anyone planning a sea voyage, they are bound to keep the audience's eyes glued to the screen as the lifeboats are lowered and the water gushes into the sinking ship.

Several stories are told in Andrew Stone's script: that of the proud and aging ship itself, that of the captain and his crew, and that of the passengers, represented in particular by one young couple who are caught with their young daughter in an uncommonly perilous situation. This family is portrayed by Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone and little Jill Henderson. Separated from his family, Stack returns to their cabin to find it practically demolished by the hole from the boiler blast; his daughter is cringing on a narrow ledge on the opposite side of the room and his wife is pinned under a strip of metal that cannot be removed. After saving the child, with the help of a plank over the hole that extends all the way down into the bowels of the ship, Stack tries to free his wife but finds he cannot do it without help. And by this time the officers are all busy with precarious situations of their own. George Sanders, as the captain who up to this point has been better dishing out small talk with passengers than worrying about safety measures and assuming more serious responsibility, gives an excellent portrayal of a distraught man going to pieces. Equally fine is Edmond O'Brien as the second engineer who has only contempt for the captain and is determined to save his crewmen trapped below. And best of all is Woody Strode as the powerful Negro oiler who puts Stack's daughter in a lifeboat and then returns to help Stack in the cabin where Dorothy is able to keep only her head above water.

As with several of his other well-made thrillers ("Julie" and "Cry Terror!") Producer-director-writer Andrew Stone gets so wrapped up in keeping his audience on edge that he forgets the viewer can stand only so much of suspense and excitement. In spite of its realistic settings and fine photography, "The Last Voyage" becomes so overwrought with one spine-tingling scene and nerve-racking climax after the other that the audience almost welcomes the final shots of the lifeboats in the foreground and the *Claridon* disappearing in the distance as it sinks into the sea.

IT IS unfortunate that the English, whose "Sink the Bismarck!" also covers watery subject matter, couldn't have borrowed some of the exciting visuals from "The Last Voyage." Most of this film takes place underground in the Admiralty War Room where Kenneth More, as a captain whose martinet qualities don't endear him to his staff, is the new Director of Naval Operations. Besides barking at those under him, including pretty Dana Wynter as a second officer, More spends most of his time moving models of destroyers and heavy cruisers around on a map of the Atlantic Ocean. Britain has cause for concern in the spring of 1941, with the Germans romping through Europe and now bringing their most powerful battleship, the *Bismarck*, out of hiding and into the North Atlantic to wipe up the British Navy and destroy Allied shipping. Needless to say, More as well as his superiors and staff take seriously the situation and Churchill's message: "I don't care how you do it—sink the *Bismarck!*"

All this may be interesting historically, but as a movie it's rather flat. Director Lewis Gilbert manages to whip up a little excitement when the camera moves out of the Admiralty War Room and on to the British fighting ships. The film gets even more exciting when it concentrates on the *Bismarck* itself and shows Karel Stepanek, as Admiral Lutjens, and Carl Mohner, as Captain Lindemann, in action. And the sea battles, with their historic conclusions, are well done. But what "Sink the Bismarck!" needs is fewer ship models on the map and more water.

SOMETIMES it is hard to understand what prompts movie studios into thinking that a best-seller, just because it's a best-seller, would make a good movie. "Cash McCall" is the case at hand. Cameron Hawley's novel about big business and high finance has been

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turned into a talky film that often sounds more like an investment sheet or a capital-gains directory than a movie. As portrayed by James Garner, Cash is probably no worse or better than the society around him; although he's called a vulture and the plot involves a lot of tricky business maneuvers, none of his so-called betters is really any better. No one in the cast tries very hard either; perhaps even such good actors as Nina Foch, E. G. Marshall, Henry Jones, Dean Jagger must have realized that all the fuss is for the birds—or vultures.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THIS IS ROME"

Rensselaer, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: It seems to me that the least Catholic writers can do when dealing with the subject of Pope Clement XIV, whose good name and character have been sufficiently dragged through the mud without justification, is to report accurately those facts which are certain regarding his life. Conversely they ought not in lighthearted fashion pass judgment on the character and actions of a Supreme Pontiff, especially if this judgment is unfavorable, where certain historical proof is lacking.

Apropos Father George Dunne's article "This is Rome" in the Dec. 25th issue of your review, I am at a loss in understanding the historical and geographical detail that serves as a basis for one of the many historical ironies filling Rome. To the best of my knowledge Clement XIV is not buried in a churchyard, around the corner from a former Franciscan convent where he was once prior. He is buried in the Basilica of the Twelve Holy Apostles, the mother Church of the Conventual Franciscans in Rome, of which order Clement was a member. His remains, found incorrupt twenty-eight years after his death, were transferred privately to this Basilica from St. Peter's, January 21, 1802, and were solemnly interred at Twelve Apostles in the presence of the College of Cardinals on April 3 of the same year. I presume Father Dunne refers to the Convent of the Twelve Holy Apostles which is contiguous with the above mentioned Basilica. The adjective "former" hardly is appropriate. This friary has been in the possession of the Conventual Franciscans since 1458 and has since that time served as the seat of their general curia. The third cloister, added in 1587, to house the College of St. Bonaventure, is presently occupied by the Pontifical Commission. For some years Father Lorenzo Ganganelli was regent or dean of studies in this theological school. He was not, however, religious superior (technically guardian) of the entire religious community of which he was a member. In any case he most certainly was not prior for the simple reason that such an office and title does not exist, and since the time of St. Francis has never existed, in the Conventual Franciscan Order.

I would not be overly concerned with these inaccuracies, were it not for the fact that they serve as the frame for some rather tasteless, patronizing and slighting references to Clement XIV which appear in the article—poor Ganganelli!—historical irony—as though he cut a pretty sorry picture as head of the Catholic Church and history has rewarded him with the oblivion of a churchyard around the corner. On the contrary the Conventual Franciscians consider it an honor to care for the remains of an illustrious son of the Order in their principal Church in Rome. And having viewed literally thousands of times the imposing monumental sarcophagus erected by Canova in that Church to honor Pope Clement, I fail to perceive the historical irony connected with his grave.

Moreover, I should like to know the unimpeachable source for the assertion that the Jesuit prisoners in the *Castel Sant' Angelo* were deprived of Mass and the Sacraments, and for the implication that Pope Clement, being aware of such, was thereby responsible. Until such is produced, I shall regard the assertion as utterly "incredible."

This is a serious charge and these are serious implications that gravely compromise the person and character of a Supreme Pontiff. It seems to me that the portrait of Clement which Father Dunne's article leaves behind is that of the weakling, the timid Pope, the servant of princes, unable to reconcile his conscience with his conduct, tortured by remorse, that all too often has been spread abroad by historians as historically certain. In this view, that which has merited for Clement the harsh reproval and damning portrayal of his character was his conduct in the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the immediate aftermath of this suppression.

Now it is always easy with hindsight to dispute the prudence or imprudence of various pontifical decisions, especially with regard to those touching on the ever thorny and vexing relations between Church and State. No Pope can compromise with Caesar in matters essential to the constitution of the Church. On this we are all agreed. But where compromise is a possible temporary solution, and perhaps the only one in given circumstances, then there is always room for discussion and dispute over a course of action. The Church never

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has and probably never will achieve perfectly harmonious and ideal relations with the powers that be in this world. Clement XIV is not the first nor will he be the last of Popes who could not be completely intransigent on every point with secular rulers. Perhaps it would have been better not to have suppressed the Society, perhaps it would have been worse not to have. We shall only know the final answer to these hypotheses in heaven. When the prudential decisions of Popes violate no law by which they are bound, then only God can be their judge, not historians. We may discuss the decision, but on the basis of that alone we ought not to judge the character of the Pontiff who made it. That Clement, to avoid what seemed to him—without the gift of prophecy—greater evils for the Church as a whole, very reluctantly signed the brief of suppression, does not constitute an argument for weakness of character. A divided Catholicism on the eve of the French Revolution can hardly be regarded as an occurrence of no import. And the threats of schism and persecution were by no means idle threats at that time. No religious order, no matter how good, is so essential to the Church that it cannot be sacrificed in very particular and grave circumstances for the good of the whole Church. Under pressure from and at the instance of Philip II of Spain, St. Pius V approved the suppression of the Conventual Franciscans in Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Luxembourg. This by no means gives the Conventual Franciscans the right to impugn the character of Pius V, because he sacrificed them for the good of the Church in these lands. That a case might be made for the decision of Clement ought to be apparent from the fact that his decision was not reversed by his successors until 1814 in very changed circumstances. One wonders if a more intransigent Pope could have done otherwise without further worsening the condition of the Church at the end of the eighteenth century. Until the whole story is known, let us refrain from damning portrayals of a man who otherwise as Franciscan, priest, theologian and Pope was exemplary in his conduct.

As to the aftermath of the suppression no one will deny that the dissolution of the Society was made the occasion by many unscrupulous persons for gross injustices against the members and property of the Society. But to accuse Clement of responsibility for these outrages is quite another thing. As to events in his own domains the holy Father is not so omnipotent that he can prevent every injustice, nor so omniscient that he can know of every detail transpiring there, especially as these domains were much larger in days gone by with fewer dependable means of communication. No matter how unjust his imprisonment seemed to Father Ricci, Pope Clement may not have seen it in that light and may well have suspected attempts at disobedience. The evidence so far adduced does by no means exclude such a possibility. Suffice to say Pius VI did not release Father Ricci from prison, despite appeals which reached that Pontiff. And granted the sufferings of the good Father, it has yet to be shown that they were ordered by the Pope. On the contrary documents have been adduced showing that Pope Clement ordered the proper treatment of the prisoners according to their status. If abuses occurred, they do not necessarily argue the responsibility of Clement. Allegations concerning his indifference to the treatment of the Jesuit prisoners should not be made, until such are found certain. We are dealing with the character of a sacred person.

None of the above is meant to reflect on the character, merits and persons of the Society of Jesus—always a credit to the Church since its founding. But I do not think it necessary to discredit Clement XIV in order to defend the Society. One may discuss the prudence of his act, as one may dispute that of other Popes, but with the respect due the person of a Supreme Pontiff, with comprehension and sympathy for the difficult circumstances in which the head of the Catholic Church finds himself. The decision to suppress or not to suppress the Society was for Clement a very difficult and dolorous one to make, whichever way he decided—and he took four years to decide himself—by reason of the serious threats of schism and persecution made if he did not, and on the other hand by reason of the obvious merits of the Society of which he was well aware. Until all the evidence is known, it is most unfair to pillory a Pontiff for one event and solution to a problem which perhaps would not have been solved otherwise by the greatest saint. Such a method of portrayal can only aid and comfort the enemies of the Church in the last analysis.

Admittedly the remarks of Father Dunne on Pope Clement XIV are accidental to his main theme. But for all too long the idea has persisted that Catholics must be ashamed of Clement XIV, that it is perfectly legitimate to regard him as a weakling, to slight his memory. On the basis of evidence so far adduced I believe such a portrayal insulting. It has yet to be proved that character deficiencies, and not a rightly motivated prudential decision occasioned the brief *Dominus ac redemptor*. Whatever Catholics feel should have been done had they or some other been chosen by the Holy Spirit to guide the Church at that particular moment, charity and justice toward the person of the Pope, and respect and piety toward his office are better served by not indulging in unproved and damning allegations on the character of a Pope. All the more so in an article which can admiringly and generously recite a "Requiescat" for Caesar Augustus.

(Rev.) PETER FEHLNER, O.F.M. CONV.

Ed. Note. In fairness to Father Dunne, we must furnish two pieces of information: 1) Father Dunne was not mistaken about the location of Pope Clement's tomb.

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He referred to it as being "in a church hard by the Gregorian University . . . ." and through a small but significant typographical error this became "in a churchyard by the Gregorian University. . . ." 2) In the original ms., Father Dunne stated that he did indeed say a prayer for Clement at his tomb, but in shortening the article this detail was edited out.

Other questions raised by Father Fehlner are answered by Father Dunne in the letter which follows.

Rome.

TO THE EDITORS: I think Father Fehlner is right about the Sacraments. What I should have said is that Ricci was not allowed to say Mass and was subjected to other rigors of such severity as to be indeed, as Father Fehlner says, incredible; incredible, but true. The unimpeachable sources Father Fehlner asks for are the letters and reports of some of those chiefly responsible. They are in the once secret, now available, archives, especially of the Vatican, of Florence and of Naples. The citations can easily be found in the works of the historians Father Fehlner complains about.

Beyond this I fail to see that Father Fehlner has any quarrel with me. My article said none of the things about which he complains. I expressed no opinion and passed no judgment on Clement XIV. I said two things about him:

1) I wondered what he thought when he looked at the Castel Sant'Angelo. I did not venture to guess what he thought; but surely it does him no honor to suppose, as Father Fehlner seems to, that he had no thoughts on the subject, that once the deed was done he dismissed it from his mind.

2) I said "poor Ganganelli." Ganganelli is not an epithet. It is his name. As one may say "wise Pecci," one must say "poor Ganganelli." Whether one agrees with the historians or with Father Fehlner there is nothing else to say. It is exactly what St. Alphonsus Liguori said. "I don't know what else to say," he wrote in a letter of July 23, 1774, "but poor Pope!" That is what I said.

I am afraid that Father Fehlner has simply used my little rhapsody about Rome as an occasion to indulge in polemics. His quarrel is not with me, but with the historians with whom he disagrees.

(Rev.) GEORGE H. DUNNE, S. J.

BOOKS

Response of the Writer Under Communist Rule

THE REVOLT OF THE MIND. By Tamas Aczel and Tibor Meray. Praeger. $5.

By THOMAS MOLNAR

IT IS HARD to judge one's fellow men. In this age of displaced persons, émigrés, exiles and refugees, one must be particularly careful not to indict men whose fate one would have, perhaps, shared but for the grace of God and one's own groping towards more light.

Yet a line must be drawn somewhere. When Czeslaw Milosz escaped from Poland and, among the first, dissected the "captive mind" of writers and intellectuals in Communist lands, we thought that the horror of their situation was evident to these men, even if, for various personal reasons, they could not face the danger of crossing the barbed wire curtain.

This was in 1951. Since then others have escaped, but each time we had a more embarrassed look on our faces as we greeted them: Why only now?—we asked silently. Did you not know in 1947, in 1949, in '54 what you know today? Granted that not everybody is made of the stuff of martyrs, that few dare express their hearts; but why howl with the wolves, why pretend that those who suffer rejoice, that the factory belongs to the worker, that "socialist realism" is anything but humbug?

Messrs. Aczel and Meray, ex-Communist Hungarian writers not yet forty, bring, in their own way, answers to these questions. Their book appears to be the conscientious report of events in Hungary from 1945 to 1956, from the writers' point of view. It also claims to probe the conscience of the intellectual class during this period, the initial enthusiasm for the Cause, the relationship to the Party, the responsibility to the Nation, and finally, to Truth.

But here is where the reviewer is embarrassed. I know the authors personally, and knew well at least one of the writer-officials whom they mention and who played an important part in the last tragic days of the Imre Nagy government. All three are highly intelligent, cultured men, and the last mentioned belonged to that nucleus of underground Communists who gave the Party their faith, their being, their undaunted courage.

But do I really know these men? When a visitor enters an insane asylum, he is struck by the discrepancy between the human aspect of the inmates and their incongruous actions. Their external features belong to one world, their minds inhabit another.

Now the internal working of the Communist mind and Party bears the stamp of insanity. Examples from the book: the Party newspaper, *Szabad Nep,* was known to be extremely scrupulous: its presses were stopped if even a decimal figure in a plant's production report was incorrectly quoted and the journalist or printer responsible for the error was fined. Yet, as the authors state, "truth was entirely absent from the first to the last letter

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of each issue." Or: the Stakhanovist movement was celebrated all over the fellow-traveling world as a symbol of Communist work-virtue; our writers filled their columns with its glory, wrote novels about the heroes and sang odes in their praise. Yet, as they now admit, while the production Titan was given the Hollywood build-up, the other workers were idle around him as a result of general mismanagement, and the directors pocketed bonuses for exemplary Communist behavior.

Thus while it is perfectly clear that on every level, from the kulak-question to literature, Communist-organized society is a web of lies and swindle, a merry-go-round of bribery, blackmail, fear and incompetence, the Communist writers considered the Party as *public* and *critic,* as the very *world* they had to understand and describe. The condition of artistic creation is that the artist *believe* in his object, otherwise he cannot *love* it, cannot absorb and recreate it. Yet, for years these writers spat on their object and described it as the Party dictated. Then they were rewarded with prizes and extra luxuries, or called before their superiors and scolded.

Did they not *know?* Aczel and Meray have interesting things to say about this intriguing problem. They admit that the workers *knew,* the peasants *knew,* their own relatives and friends *knew.* Nor did they, the writers, form a caste without ties to the non-Party world: they were sent on long tours to factories, mines, construction sites, merchandise distribution centers, villages, cooperatives, etc., to report on the "building of socialism." In fact they despised those few writers who never lent their pen to the Party, who preferred to live on occasional jobs, to copy, to translate, to write for their drawers rather than give the regime solidity through genuine creation.

After Stalin's death, the authors write, in the ensuing and precarious "thaw," the tongues loosened, fear began to dissolve, and the writers began to rehabilitate their consciences. In fact, if the book has a thesis and its "plot" a directing line, it is that 1953-54 stands like a border stone in their collective evolution: before, it was darkness; after, a slow emergence from chaos. What remains veiled, however, is that every comfortable day, before the thaw and after, had to be paid for dearly by each individual conscience. The Party protects its members vis-a-vis the outside world; but inside it exacts a deadly tribute from human dignity. The individual must die so that the Party may live. And the individual dies a thousand deaths: when he recants, when he distorts his thoughts, when he turns from a friend whom the Party suspects, when he denounces a friend lest he himself might be suspected.

Is there a rock, a solid ground of sanity on which this much tried and guilty generation may fall back, a collective resolve by which their escape from the madhouse of Communism may appear not merely a chance opening in the iron wall but a genuine change of heart?

Tamas Aczel explained to me why Communism is destined to crush man and his freedom. Summed up, his argument was that only by exterminating any opposition can the Communists enforce the incredibly inhuman *and* incompetent economic doctrine of State-ownership and -management. The conclusion of this brilliant ex-Communist Stalin-prize winner novelist coincided exactly with that of the French right-wing writer, Alfred Fabre-Luce, who, after visiting China, wrote that no rational mind could tolerate the absurd decisions made there and enforced until the impossibility of the thing becomes a hundred times evident. By then, however, thousands and millions died and suffered, as will new ones when the first decision is just as irrationally and abruptly reversed in favor of a second. Each of these economic moves is introduced by another sector of the Party which organizes its temporary power by taking over political posts up and down the ladder. Hence purges are practically built into Communist management.

Knowing this, the writers nevertheless believed that things would change under Imre Nagy. Nagy "was not an accomplice of the murderers," Aczel and Meray write; "he was a champion of a new way of life. He was indignant as the crimes of the Rakosi regime came to light." Nagy, of course, had lived in the infamous Hotel Lux in Moscow in the thirties where refugee Communist officials intrigued against each other—until the last revolver shot in the nape of the neck. He was, from the beginning, one of the highest ranking Hungarian Communists, responsible for, knowing about, and tolerating the terror throughout the darkest period. He merely represented one section of the Party, and since he remained a loyal Communist, he was bound to be replaced sooner or later, as he had been once before, in 1955.

Why did the writers trust him? Why did they surround George Lukacs with veneration when this veteran of Marxist philosophy had nothing to offer except the philosophical justification of Party-tyranny and the supreme art of exercising auto-criticism on the brink of each new purge?

The answer is not hard to find. They may have been revolted by the crimes of the regime, and even by their own weakness of signing away "their human emotions in exchange for automobiles and villas and special food stores and holiday resorts." But in reality one feels their sorrow over an exalting experience which did not succeed. They might be willing to start again with "hearts still filled with the Marxist-Leninist ideology of socialist humanism."

Dark Vision

THE GOOD LIGHT. By Karl Bjarnhof. Translated by Naomi Walford. Knopf. $4.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

IN COPENHAGEN, at this season, night falls early; street lights twinkle through the thick trees of the *Raadhus Pladsen* as

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bicyclists begin their way home past the Town Hall. It is years since Karl Bjarnhof has seen them, years since he has seen anything. Like the hero of *The Good Light* and of the preceding book, *The Stars Grow Pale,* the author is blind.

It would be easy to say that this circumstance endows *The Good Light* with its singular quality of quiet remembering. No doubt it would even be true, as the personal experience of any writer shapes his writing. But Mr. Bjarnhof brings to his work a great deal more than the experience of losing his sight. This slow trial, coming gradually over his nameless hero as boy and man, constitutes the narrative of the two books. It cannot wholly account, however, for the author's wisdom, his tenderness, or his variously textured humor.

The Good Light is the story of the almost sightless young man sent into the "limbo" of Denmark's Institute for the Blind to learn a useful trade—brush-making, perhaps, or cobbling, or basket-weaving. He learns some of these things. He also learns music: the organ, then the piano, then taste. He learns friends. Outside the Institute walls, with a girl from his home town, he learns the bitter-almond ambiguities of first love.

By the time he is ready to leave the Institute, he is successful enough nearly to have forgotten that his world of half-light must yield one day to total dark. When the moment comes, he has ceased to be prepared by expectation. His stark Scandinavian religion, although it has indicated glory, has frightened him with its harsh morality.

He is prepared for farewells with the good light by his discoveries of the human spirit; and these were mined among men and women damaged mentally and emotionally as often as physically. His reception of his own fate is more than resignation, it is acceptance, and loving, grateful acceptance. The light is gone, but nothing is altered.

Mr. Bjarnhof's esthetic vision plays no one false. Two characters, friends of the hero, account for brutally perverse episodes, the kind sighed over by American religion and American psychology both. His hero suffers no such qualms. These friends, he says, were what he had obscurely recognized them to be. He loved them no less.

As in the old fairy tale, Mr. Bjarnhof and his (perhaps autobiographical) hero have learned that one must kiss the Beast to liberate him. To liberate oneself.

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A Truer Crane

STEPHEN CRANE: LETTERS. Edited by R. W. Stallman and Lillian Gilkes. New York University Press. $6.

By JAMES B. STRONKS

THE fourteenth child of a Methodist minister, Stephen Crane, was orphaned early enough in life that his father's published treatises on the blights of tobacco, alcohol, baseball, and especially novel-reading ("If any harm results, Stop at once.") never had a fair chance to register with the talented son (a smoker, drinker, and star infielder) who was to write two uncomfortably brilliant novels, *Maggie: A Girl of the Streets* and *The Red Badge of Courage,* before he was twenty-two, and some even better fiction before his death of tuberculosis at twenty-eight. The old question is still good: what would Stephen Crane have achieved in his thirties? In his forties and fifties? If alive today, he would be only a little older than Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg, and very probably would be a major American author.

Because of the peculiar intensity and uniqueness of Crane's best work, and because of the melancholy appeal of his brief, doomed career, he has always attracted special scholarly interest. The present volume, drawing on much recent research, prints and heavily annotates all known Crane letters (about 230—but more are sure to turn up), and sandwiches in at logical places two hundred others by his agents, friends, his brother William, and "wife" Cora. Cross-referenced, meticulously indexed, and fortified with twenty-seven appendices, it is a painstaking mosaic of documents that provides a chronology of travel dates and itineraries, times of composition, price paid, terms of contract, plans for unwritten stories, views on fellow authors, and reaction to criticism—all of which helps us see Crane better than ever before, and free from the lurid legend that his bohemian ways gave rise to. It is now possible for Thomas Beer's undocumented, unobjective portrait of Crane (1923) and John Berryman's derivative, thesis-ridden Freudian one (1950) to be superseded by a definitive critical biography. It is past due.

Except for fitful flashes, however, Crane's own letters are not particularly interesting—except in that they were written by Stephen Crane. They are surprisingly self-contradictory. We read on, waiting for him to say something illuminating about the austere aesthetics that engendered his best stories, and when we discover what appears to be an insight it turns out, like as not, to be refuted by important exceptions in his fiction. And in any such conflict it is obviously not the theory but the performance which matters.

The most appealing letters are the earlier ones, reflecting Crane's starving, uncompromising apprenticeship in New York, when, lacking a college education, he taught himself to write. On the other hand, it is the later letters, richly footnoted by Miss Gilkes (the biographer of Cora Crane), which add most to our understanding of the problems of this complicated young man. Except for the mystery of his "disappearance" in Cuba for some months at the end of the Spanish war, most of the later facts are now clear, if depressing:

In the course of his travels as a free-lance correspondent, Crane acquired Cora Taylor, proprietress of the questionable Hotel de Dream

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in Jacksonville, and took her with him when he covered the Turkish war in Greece. Settling then in England (where he enjoyed more vogue, and higher prices, than in America), they began to entertain largely and to live beyond their means in a way almost ideally designed to destroy a frail artist, especially one who always spent himself heedlessly.

It was during Christmas week of 1899 that Crane happily squandered most of his remaining vitality by organizing a large houseparty and producing a play which had been cooperatively fashioned for the occasion by such capable guests as James, Conrad, Gissing, and Wells. Crane promptly collapsed with a hemorrhage of the lungs. It was the beginning of the end. Certain now of early death, and panicked by hopeless finances, he continued for months to write, in bed, to stave off bankruptcy. Struck by more hemorrhages in April 1900, he was borne to the Black Forest, where he died on June 5.

"What a brutal needless extinction," wrote Henry James to Cora; "what an unmitigated unredeemed catastrophe! I think of him with such a sense of possibilities & powers."

A Single Quest

BEAT ON A DAMASK DRUM. By Troy Kennedy Martin. Dutton. $3.75.

By NED O'GORMAN

IN THE hills of Indo-China two Americans, a German, an Irishman and an Englishman have established themselves unofficially as truce-makers in the war between the Communists and the French. Into their hut arrives an English actress come to confront the man she loves. She is accompanied by Breverton, an art dealer in search of paintings left in an abandoned villa in the hills—paintings worth a fortune if they can be taken through the embattled jungles.

The five who have fled the world that brought destruction to their spirit live in a violent and curious pursuit of peace amid terrible hills, guerrilla warfare and the presence of annihilation. The actress and the art dealer bring their individual quests, one driven by love, the other by power and wealth, to bear on the quest of the group.

On the journey with Breverton to the villa where the paintings lay hidden behind a false wall; in Jameson's pilgrimages to the abandoned chapel where he has restored the remnants of the stations of the cross; in the agony of a young nun who asks for physical love at the moment of death; in the baroque hut where silver salvers, a Recamier chaise-longue, a milking stool, a grand piano and the buzz of a short-wave radio bring a strange elegance and design to life; in moments of hilarity when the five men and one woman find in hectic clowning and extravagance hints of an agape; in the skies and rain, in the valleys and on the hills, through the cycle of the day, pulses the current of life.

Troy Kennedy Martin writes with hesitant brilliance. At times his mind dwells too long on the detail of pity and the merely melodramatic, and he offers a too facile ending; the plot demands that Adam die; the end, the last pages, are the weakness of the book; not the writing but the action. These are defects in style and method and in time they will be burnt away, for in spite of them this novel is immense and expert.

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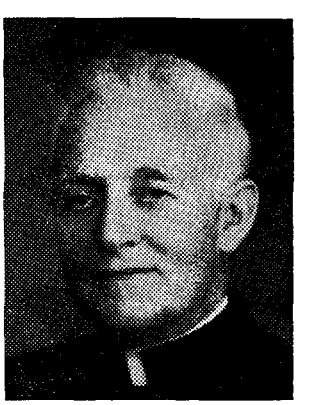

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